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THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

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FOR THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

VALERIE.—A Fancy Sketch.
By "Tasso."

III.

VALERIE sat in musing mood—
The breeze of night was softly blowing;
How deep 's the calm of solitude
With Nature 'round us wooing!
How soft, but swift, the spirit flies
Of music, as the echo dies,
That long hath sounded on the ear,
So long, so sweetly, and so near!
How soft 's the distant ocean wave,
Or shell, when from its coral grave,
The minstrel-wave shall loudly roar—
It sounds upon the air dilate,
And as it rolls upon the shore,
The shell will try to imitate!
O yes! it is the angel-breath
Of song that now is hush'd in death!
No!—hear the swell of softest lay,
As on the air it melts away!

THE GROTTO SONG!

I.

"Ah! gentle stream, thou 'rt like a dream
That haunts the soul of song;
Thy waters near sound on my ear,
And rippling pass along.

II.

"How long the wave thy floor shall lave,
Thou cavern, lone and drear!
There is a spell that seems to dwell
Upon the ambient air.

III.

"Come, grotto! 'till 's softer still,
And gently flow,—and roll,
In ceaseless song, thy tide along,
That woos my restless soul!

IV.

"The flow'ry spring shall never fling
Its mantle o'er this wall,
Nor sun-light gleam upon the stream,
Whose waters softly fall!

V.

"It is too pure and too obscure
For light to intervene;
O! let no ray of smiling day
Illuminate this lovely scene!

VI.

"No rose's bloom, with sweet perfume,
Shall scent the sighing air;
Nor shall the gleam of th' soft moon-beam
Shine on my lone despair!

VII.

"Our life doth cling, and seem to sting
The spirit as it leaves,—
The heart can't die without a sigh;
It is the heart that grieves.

VIII.

"Be still my heart!—Why dost thou start!
Why rise at such a time!
The starry ceiling's only pealing
With the echo of my rhyme!"
Her song was ended, and the strain
Was echoed softly back again,
Till in the distance and the air
No echo fell upon the ear.
There was a spell, like angels' breath,
In sweetest slumber'd and in death;
And though its numbers long had flown,
In music still there was a tone,
That spoke in silence to the heart,
Nor e'en in distance could depart;
It linger'd 'round—it still was there—
'Twas sweetly music in the air!

"She meekly bow'd, as oft sh'd done,
And rais'd her voice in orison.
These were her feelings—and she dwelt
Upon the theme.—Her bosom felt
The glowing flame of love that fires
The soul till life itself expires.
How tender is that feeling's flame,
Forever burning, still the same!

"I have been informed that, there is a continual current of air issuing from the mouth of the Mammoth Cave. In Kentucky, sufficiently strong to prostrate the giant that grows at the entrance. The reason of this phenomenon, perhaps, cannot be satisfactorily accounted for; but it is most probable that hundreds of subterranean apertures are connected one with another, and after they all become ventilated, or filled with air, they contain such a vast body of atmosphere, that it is set in oscillation by its own weight, and thus continues to pass out—having no other means of escape—with fresh air entering at the same time.

"There's music in the deep blue sea."
Anonymous.

"There's music in the ocean wave."—ib.

THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE.—The Lexington Observer says, it is the undoubted right of posterity to destroy Bond's speech. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and if they can't destroy the speech, it will destroy them.

Do good and throw it into the sea—if the fishes don't know it, God will.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF STEAM.

Steam Power is becoming the great Revolution of the world—the mighty Propagandist of the age,—and daily, and hourly, it is linking civilized nations into a community of opinion. What that community of opinion, when decidedly formed, is to be—Mr. Canning's War of Opinion—by sword, and bayonet, and cannon—but a civil war of opinion; a peaceable and powerful revolution, wrought out by it, we have not a doubt.

In looking at all parts of Europe, we now see a sudden awakening to the Power of Steam. Russia, Prussia, Austria, Piedmont, all of Italy, the Powers and Principalities of Germany, and France more particularly, looking at the amazing progress of the locomotive engine in the Western World, and at what England is doing, are aroused to the fitting peculiarity of their own region for this new development of man's locomotive faculty of running rapidly over the geography of the Earth. France but two years ago had but one short rail-road—the *Pays Bas* of Belgium and Holland but one—Germany none of importance—the plains of Lombardy not one—but there are now lines in contemplation that will soon link even sunny Naples with the frozen regions of the Autocrat. Moscow is to be a neighbor to Rome. Berlin and Paris are to be but visiting distances. Trieste and Venice are to be in the vicinity of Havre. The Pillars of Hercules are no longer to be rounded by steam power in the steam ship alone, but the day is rapidly coming when the Dalmatian even can fly athwart the domain of Austria, and through the passes of the Alps to Havre, in the train of the locomotive engine, when the steam-ship will bring him in a few days to the empire city of the New World. Old Greece and young America are thus to be neighbors. Asia and America are thus, as it were, to shake hands. England, Old England,

"Whose march is o'er the mountain wave,
Whose home is on the deep,"
holding the Trident of Neptune—with steam ships, and her navy and wealth, and her colonies, is to be to be aggrandized the more by this power of steam. Hindostan, and the Indies—her provinces in the Eastern and the New World, she has brought home to England. The space and distance of Quebec, and New South Wales and of Bombay, is annihilated at once. The Sirius and the Great Western success has demonstrated all this—and England is now in the mania of an intoxication of joy from this new discovery of her power.

What a clash of opinion there is now to be! What a ringing of conflicting thoughts! How truth and right can now stretch their gigantic strides,—with the whole earth thrown open to them by steam; the locomotive annihilating the cordon of thought, and the steam ship bringing together disjointed continents. Sir Francis Head, a man of much thought, (not very useful to him though as a statesman) is reported to have said when in this city, that two such governments, as the colonial government of the Canadas, and the government of the United States, could not co-exist as neighbors; the one or the other must fall, or one must accommodate itself to the other. In this remark, it strikes us there is a great deal of philosophy. Governments are contagious, as opinions are. This is a philosophy well understood on the Continent of Europe, if not in America. When France revolutionizes, Belgium follows the example, and Holland, and Germany, and Italy are in a ferment—all Europe shakes the sensation—and sympathy runs through nations in contiguity as electricity, or the earthquake. Now this sympathy is to be made closer and closer by the numerous rail roads of the Old World. What is now remarkable of European society, is its ignorance of the thoughts and feelings, parts of one, of parts of the other. Nations are there in a dismembered state. Newspapers on the Continent, out of France, are but mere records of the Court. Men never think out loud, in print. The power of communicating opinion is confined to the lumbering Diligences, or the lazy Veturinos. What Naples is thinking of, St. Petersburg knows nothing of. The only bodies of men moving in masses are the armies, under military discipline. The locomotive is to change all this. Masses of men, as well as soldiers, will then move. The nations of the Continent will become travellers as the Americans and English are. Society, intercourse, and travelling will assimilate opinion. Old ideas and new ideas will knock together. Thus the steam ship is to bring the Old World and the New as near together as Paris and Naples, or Paris and Copenhagen. Opinions must then clash and then assimilate.

We are not quite sure that the Republican opinions are going to prevail when this clash is over. It is very easy to cheat ourselves into this belief,—but the assimilation is almost as likely to make us European, as to transform Europeans into Americans. Undoubtedly European ideas will be tempered,—but this very steam power is to bring a flood of Europeans upon our shores. *Matant coelum non animum, qui trans mare currunt* is a truth not to be got over, and one confirmed by daily observations. Again, monarchy has its charms, and its arguments too. The all-absorbing, despotic and absolute power over opinion and property, and States, one man has just been exercising, and with applause for a while, is fresh in our memory. The name of Gen. Jackson's office was only that of a President, but it was the power of one man, and only one man—the absolute despotic power of one man—and it was a monarchy. The power of one man, but the thing tickles nine-tenths of mankind; and it is saying a good deal to say nine tenths of mankind will not get the better of the other tenth when the world moves in

masses. The very contagion of opinion is to affect us amazingly. Again, European society, European rank, European fashions, European intellect, refinement, taste and beauty, are not to leave us Republicans unscathed. About half of the young Americans that now visit Europe come home European,—*mustachioed*, frizzled, bedizened and bedecked,—with an utter contempt of Republicanism, as a very vulgar idea of the *canaille*. Again, our politics lead to monarchy. A neutralization of all the patronage and the honor of the country has been effected in one man by that vicious construction of the Constitution, which vested in the President the power to create vacancies, to fill them at his will and pleasure. This one act made a hundred thousand monarchists at the principal men in this country at once; by making the tenure of a hundred thousand offices at once dependent upon the will of one man, the Chief of the Nation. We have just barely escaped in this early age of our Republic, and only by a majority of fourteen, from an act of Congress legalizing in this one man, the commander of the Army and Navy, the right and title to his possession of the Public Purse. We are not quite sure then, that Europe is to come to us.

This clashing of opinion, however, is not going to make wars. Steam power is giving nations an amazing aptitude of defence they never dreamed of possessing. The concentration of forces to be effected by it, in the shortest time, is one of the great signs of the age. Thus, if ever Great Britain brings upon us her powerful Navy, the Erie rail road being in motion, and the Baltimore line through to the Ohio River, we can concentrate here half of the military population of the United States in six or eight days. We can have a flying force from Louisiana to Maine on our rail roads. So, if the Allied powers were again to attack France, France having a line of rail roads all over her empire, the whole population could in the shortest time be concentrated on the Belgian frontier. Defence thus has a prodigious force of concentration. Attack gains nothing, for the locomotive and the rail road are wholly in the power of the Defenders, and they can annihilate them almost at pleasure. Thus, the very necessity of great standing Armies at all points, is done away. The sword can only be exchanged for the Pickaxe and Shovel. If one hundred thousand men about Marseilles or Lyons are needed in Normandy, they can be brought there at the rate of 300 miles a day. The locomotive is going to make one man act at many points, that is one man to be many men, and thus society is to be saved from that immensity of taxes exacted to support the soldier. It is going also to cost every thing for attack and but little for defence. Conquest and conquerors will thus go out of fashion. Society can govern itself at home.

The clashing of opinion we infer then, is to be in peace. It is to be the silent and yet powerful contest of Truth and Reason, operating upon the judgment of mankind. Men's Intellects are first to be illuminated. Society will thus be prepared for change, before change can precipitate Society into Revolution. The World will become more conservative from the very precipitancy of Society to change, as Society in London is more aristocratic than in Paris, from the very fact that England is freer than France; the aristocracy thus making up in the social circle what they lose in the political. What reform then the World works, is to be wrought by appeals to men's heads and not their hearts. We shall move slow but sure. Force being disarmed, Reason will have more empire. Logic is to be the *Catapult* of the age. Argument, Time, Experience, Comparison, are to do men's cannonading. Such are but a part of what we look upon to be the achievements of Steam.

New York Express.

AFFECTED DEAFNESS.

A stranger dismounted at the door of the Hotel, and gave his horse to the officious waiter. The barkeeper opened the register to take his name.

"You are right," said he, "a single room would be more agreeable," and he walked into the upper room to which the crowd of boarders were pressing. The barkeeper ran after him, screaming in his ear—"What name did you say?"

"Thank you," replied the traveller, "I can find the way—don't give yourself any trouble."

On his return into the bar-room, a waiter took up his saddle-bags, and told the deaf stranger he would show him to his chamber.

"My friend, who will spend the evening with me, prefers pale sherry," said he, "you may send up a bottle and a few cigars."

"I did not," said the barkeeper, "exactly understand your name."

"I think a little ice would improve the wine," was the answer; and now I think of it, you may put the bottle in a wine cooler."

His friend now joined him, and they walked to his room together. The deaf lodger patronized the house to the extent of another bottle before he slept. The waiter who brought it up ventured once more to enquire his name.

"Nothing more," said the deaf man, "except a slice of cold ham, a pickle, and a little bread and cheese."

The next morning after breakfast, when the stranger's horse was at the door, he asked for his bill. He was told it was six dollars and three quarters. "You are very kind," said he, "I had expected to pay you; but if this is your custom, to charge nothing for the first visit, you shall lose nothing by it—all my friends in Spongewille will certainly give you at least one call when they come into the city. Good morning."

"I would thank you to pay your bill before

you go," screamed the chagrined bar keeper.

"I am obliged to you," said the deaf gentleman, "I can put them on;" and he took up his saddle-bags and departed. As he mounted, the by-standers began to laugh immoderately at the awkward embarrassment which afflicted the bar keeper, who was in despair while he bawled after the delinquent, who continued bowing and repeating his assurances that he would certainly remember the accommodations, civility, and liberality of the house, and recommend it to all his friends who might pass through the city. The gentleman who so well affected deafness won the wager he had staked on the success of his scheme, and paid his bill the next time he visited the city.

MOUNT SINAI.

* * * * *
At eight o'clock I was breakfasting; the superior was again at my side; again offering all that the convent could give, and urging me to stay a month, a fortnight, a week, at least to spend that day with him and repose myself after the fatigue of my journey; but from the door of the little room in which I sat I saw the holy mountain, and I longed to stand on its lofty summit. Though feeble and far from well I felt the blood of health again coursing in my veins, and congratulated myself that I was not so hackneyed in feeling as I had once supposed. I found, and I was happy to find, for the prospective enjoyment of my further journey, that the first tangible monument in the history of the Bible, the first spot that could be called the holy ground, raised in me feelings that had not been awakened by the most classic ground of Italy and Greece, or the proudest monuments of the arts in Egypt.

* * * * *
Continuing our ascent, the old monk still leading the way, in about a quarter of an hour we came to a table of rock standing boldly out, and running down almost perpendicularly an immense distance to the valley. I was expecting another monkish legend, and my very heart thrilled when the monk told me that this was the top of the hill on which Moses had sat during the battle of the Israelites and Amalekites, while Aaron and Hur supported his uplifted hands until the sun went down upon the victorious army of his people. From the height I could see, clearly and distinctly, every part of the battle ground, and the whole vale of Rhephidim and the mountain beyond, and Moses, while on this spot, must have been visible to the contending armies from every part of the field, on which they were engaged.

* * * * *
I stand upon the very peak of Sinai—where Moses stood when he talked with the Almighty. Can it be, or is it a mere dream? Can this naked rock have been the witness of the great interview between man and his Maker? where, amid thunder and lightning, and a fearful quaking of the mountain, the Almighty gave to his chosen people the precious tables of his law, those rules of infinite wisdom and goodness, which to this day, best teach man his duty towards God, his neighbor, and himself.

The scenes of many of the incidents recorded in the Bible are extremely uncertain. Historians and geographers place the Garden of Eden, the paradise of our first parents, in different parts of Asia; and they do not agree upon the sight of the Tower of Babel, the mountain of Ararat, and many of the most interesting places in the Holy Land; but of Sinai there is no doubt. This is the holy mountain, and among all the stupendous works of Nature, not a place can be selected more fitted for the exhibition of Almighty power. I have stood upon the summit of the giant Atna, and looked over the clouds floating beneath it, upon the bold scenery of Sicily, and the distant mountains of Calabria; upon the top of Vesuvius, and looked down upon the waves of lava, and the ruined and half-recovered cities at its foot; but they are nothing compared with the terrific altitudes and bleak majesty of Sinai. An observing traveller has well called it "a perfect sea of desolation." Not a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass is to be seen upon the bare and rugged sides of its innumerable mountains, heaving their naked summits to the skies, while the crumbling masses of granite all around, and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of sands, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrific and desolate picture that imagination can conceive.

The level surface of the very top, or pinnacle, is about sixty feet square. At one end is a single rock about twenty feet high, while in the crevice beneath, his favored servant received the tables of the law. There on the same spot where they were given, I opened the sacred book in which those laws are recorded, and read them with a deeper feeling of devotion, as if I were standing nearer, and receiving them more directly from the Deity himself.

Sketches of Travel, by an American.

GALLANTRY.—While the Brady Guards were encamped at Buffalo, a gentleman and two ladies approached one of the sentinels on duty. I have not the countersign, said he, and presume I cannot pass. You have a countersign on each arm, was the gallant reply, and the gentleman and ladies were permitted to pass.

LONG NOSES.—Napoleon used to say:—"Strange as it may appear, whenever I want any good head-work done, I choose a man, providing his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and a long head go together."

THE SPIDER.

Astonishing Curiosity.—On the 13th ult. a gentleman in this village found in his cellar, a live snake, nine inches long, suspended between two shelves, by the tail, by a spider's web. The snake hung so that he could not reach the shelf below him by about an inch; and several large spiders were then upon him, sucking his juice. The shelves were about two feet apart; the lower one was just below the bottom of the cellar window, which the snake probably passed through into it. From the shelf above there was a web in the shape of an inverted cone, eight or ten inches in diameter at the top, and concentrated to a focus about six or eight inches from the under side of this shelf. From this focus there was a strong cord made of the multiplied thread of spider's web, apparently as large as common sewing silk, and by this cord the snake was suspended.

Upon a critical examination through a magnifying glass, the following curious facts appeared:—The mouth of the snake was fast tied up, by a great number of cords wound around it, so tight that he could not run out his tongue. His tail was tied in a knot, so as to leave a small loop or ring, through which the cord was fastened; and the end of the tail above the loop to the length of something like over half an inch, was lashed fast to the cord, to keep it from slipping. As the snake hung, the length of the cord from the tail to the focus to which it was fastened, was about six inches; a little above the tail there was observed a round ball, about the size of a pea. Upon inspection, this appeared to be a green fly, around which a cord had been fastened to the cords above, and from the rolling side of the ball to keep it from unwinding and letting the snake down. The cord, therefore, must have extended from the focus of the web to the shelf below, where the snake was lying when first captured; and being made fast to the loop in his tail, the fly was carried and fastened about midway to the side of the cord. And then by rolling the fly over and over, it wound around it, both from above and below, until the snake was raised to the proper height, and then was fastened as before mentioned.

In this situation the poor snake hung, alive, and furnishing a continued feast for several large spiders, until Saturday afternoon, the 16th, when some person, by playing with him, broke the web on the shelf below. In this situation he lingered, the spiders taking no notice of him, until Thursday last, eight days after he was discovered, when some large ants were found devouring his dead body.—*Batavia (N. Y.) Times.*

STRANGE ANIMAL, OR FOOD FOR THE MARVELLOUS.

We cannot undertake to say how much of hoax there is in the subjoined story, but it is a pretty fair specimen of the marvellous, and will entertain some of our readers, perhaps, as much as a political essay, or a new "Indian Fight" from Florida. We copy from the *Moutrose (Pa.) Spectator*.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

Something like a year ago, there was considerable talk about a strange animal, said to have been seen in the south-western part of Bridgewater. Although the individual who described the animal, persisted in declaring that he had seen it, and was at first considerably frightened at it, the story was heard and looked upon, more as food for the marvellous, than as having any foundation in fact. He represented the animal, as we have it through a third person, as having the appearance of a child seven or eight years old, though somewhat slimmer, and covered entirely with hair. He saw it, while picking berries, walking towards him erect, and whistling like a person. After recovering from the fright, he is said to have pursued it, but it ran off with such speed, whistling as it went, that he could not catch it. He said it ran like the "devil," and continued to call it by that name.

The same or a similar looking animal was seen in Silver Lake township, about two weeks since, by a boy some sixteen years old. We had the story from the father of the boy, in his absence, and afterwards from the boy himself. The boy was sent to work, in the back woods, near the New York State Line. He took with him a gun, and was told by his father to shoot any thing he might see, except persons or cattle. After working a while, he heard some person, a little brother, as he supposed, coming towards him, whistling quite merrily. He came within a few rods of him, and stooped. He said it looked like a human being, covered with black hair, about the size of his brother, who was six or seven years old. His gun was some little distance off, and he was very much frightened. He, however, got his gun and shot at the animal, but trembled so that he could not hold it still. The strange animal, just as his gun went off, stepped behind a tree, and then ran off, whistling as before. The father said the boy came home very much frightened, and that a number of times during the afternoon, when thinking about the animal he had seen, he would, to use his own words, "burst out a crying."

Making due allowance for frights and consequent exaggeration, an animal of singular appearance has doubtless been seen. What it is, or whence it came, is of course yet a mystery. From the description, if an ourang outang were known to be in the country, we might think this to be it. As no such animal is known, (without vouching for the correctness of the story) we shall leave the reader to conjecture, or guess for himself what it is. For the sake of a name, however, we will call the "strange animal" the WHISTLING WILD BOY OF THE WOODS.—Why is not this story as good as that copied into the Volunteer of week before last, relative to the wild boy of Indians? We acknowledge that the story has excited somewhat our propensity for the marvellous, and we give it, as much as any thing, to gratify the same propensity in others.

CHILDHOOD.

The following sound thoughts beautifully express the sports and influences of happy childhood, are from the "Bachelors death Bed," in a late number of the Southern Literary Messenger:

"The balmy breath of spring was laden with their perfume, and groups of children were sporting under their shade, like cherubs in the garden of innocence."

"Since the harp of the shepherd king was removed to heaven, man has found no music like the laugh of childhood, to calm the whirlwinds of the soul. Its silvery echoes break upon us amid the clouds of life, and we almost fancy a voice above us saying 'come up higher.' Its world is, indeed, a world above our own. Like the topmost of Babylon's serene blue; the dew falls upon it in all its freshness. The bright sunbeams dance on its foliage, and play upon the brow of its sylph-like inhabitants—lightning them to enjoyment, us to toil. Never is man so happy as when he can leave the world below him, join their innocent revels, and fancy himself a denizen of their world in miniature. The most hardened must melt—the most profligate must be abashed—the proudest must be brought low, in the presence of those, of whom 'such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

EXPECTING A LETTER.—I do not think life has a suspense more sickening than that of expecting a letter which does not come. The hour which brings the post is one that is anticipated, the only one from which we reckon. How long time seems till it comes. With how many devices do we seek to pass it a little quicker. How we hope and believe each day will be our last of anxious waiting! The post comes in, and there is no letter. How bitter is the disappointment and on every repetition it grows more acute. How immeasurable the time seems till the post comes in again! The mind exhausts itself in conjectures; illness, even death, grow terribly distinct to hope in its agony—hope that is fear! We dread we know not what; and every lengthened day the misery grows more insupportable. Every day the anxiety takes a darker shadow. To know even the very worst of all we have foreboded, appears a relief.

PRESERVING MILK.

A foreign journal states that some milk was lately exhibited in Liverpool from on board a Swedish vessel, that was several months old, having made two voyages from Sweden to the West Indies and back again and remained perfectly sweet and fresh. The manner of preparing it is as follows:—The bottles are made clean and sweet, and the milk is mixed directly into them without the intervention of a pail. As fast as they are filled they are closely corked, and the corks wired down. The bottles are placed when filled, in a boiler, a layer of straw and a layer of bottles, until the boiler is full. Fill the boiler with cold water, kindle a fire and let it heat gradually; when it begins to boil withdraw the fire and let the bottles remain till cold.—They must then be taken out, packed in hampers with straw or sawdust, and stowed in the coolest part of the ship. The milk so exhibited was about eighteen months old, and was of excellent quality. The perpetual motion of the sea in time improves milk as much as it does Madeira. At least such seemed the result in this case.

It is evident that this discovery will be most available at sea, but it has occurred to us, that where bottles could be easily obtained, many families living in cities and villages, who keep a cow, might, by preserving some in this way, furnish themselves with a supply for the time a cow usually goes dry during the winter. In any event the experiment could cost but little, and we should be pleased to hear that it had been made in this country for such purposes.

ADRIOT ROBBERY.—The Boston Transcript of last week, instances the singularly dexterous manner in which a robbery was committed at Paris last month, where a merchant sent his clerk to change a note of a thousand francs at the bank of France.—The young man, having executed his order, was returning with a bag of silver under his arm, when it was snatched from him. On turning round he perceived an individual, who changed color and appeared much embarrassed; he made many apologies to the young man, stating that he had mistaken him for an intimate friend who he wished to play a joke on, and returned the bag. On reaching his employer's house, however it was found that the bag contained only some pieces of neatly rounded iron. The robber was well dressed in a fashionable surcoat, with a red ribbon in his button hole; his hands were quiet at the time of the young man receiving the bag back again, and he must have had the address to conceal the other bag under his coat and changed it in an instant.—*Baltimore Transcript.*

To make Black Ink.—Rasped logwood one ounce, nutgall three ounces, gum arabic two ounces, sulphate of iron (green copperas) one ounce, rain water two quarts.—Boil the water and wood together until the liquid is reduced one half; then add the nutgalls coarsely bruised, and when nearly cold add the sulphate of iron and gum; stir it thoroughly for a few days, then let it settle—then pour it off and cork it up close in a glass bottle.—*Practical Farmer.*

A white glove often conceals a black hand.